

Londons SPEECH

To His Royal Highness

T H E

PRINCE of ORANGE,

On the 20th. of this Instant *December*, 1688.

Presented to his own Hand which he receiv'd very Graciously : And at the Request of some Noble Persons Order'd to be Publish'd.

What Force, what Strength can Vanquish Your Alarms,
 If Conqu'ring Heavens thus Protect your Arms ?
 Lost in Dispair and Tyranny, we lay
 Loaded with Chains of *Rome's* Imperial Sway :
 Infirm for a Defence this Nation stood,
 And still had been, if thy all-pitying Blood,
 Made no brave Sallys to withstand the Flood.

Help, help ye Powers ! but Mortals need not Pray ;
 Each Juster God Participates the Fray.
 Now Temples may with Awful Worship stand,
 Results of Joy Crown all the Wishing Land ;
 Yea, *Rome* her self may his kind Will Command.

Peace so desir'd, yet so long absent here,
 Revives again, and does its Glory wear :
 Justice abhor'd by none but Unjust Men,
 Now, by your Aid, unsheaths her Sword agen !
 Come on Great Sir, Victorious Prince, outdare
 Each Act of *Rome*, nor all her Malice fear.

Our after-Age will Consecrate thy Fame
 For this brave Act, for this Extol thy Name.

O h ! to Erect a Fading Churches Head,
 Raise like a God, a Nation, though 'twas Dead :
 And all the Pomp of *Brittish* Glory show ;
 No Man but you, but you could ever do.
 God the chief Healer of our Wounded State,
 Each moment Shroud You from *Rome's* Killing Hate.

F I N I S.